Ser. It is my Lord.

Hot. That Roan shall be my throne. Well, I will backe him straight, *Esperance*, bid *Butler* lead him forth into the Parke.

Lady. But heare you, my Lord.

Hot. What sayst thou, my Lady?

La. What is it carries you away?

Hot. Why, my horse (my love) my horse.

La. Our you mad-headed ape, a weezel hath not such a deale of spleene, as you are tost with. In fayth ile know your busines, *Harry*, that I will: I feare, my brother *Mortimer* doth stir about his title, and hath sent for you to line his enterprize, but if you goe.

Hot. So far afoot, I shall be weary, love.

La. Come, come, you Parraquito, answer me directly unto this question that I shall aske: in fayth i'le breake thy little finger, *Harry*, and if thou wilt not tell me all things true.

Hot Away, away, you trifler, love; I love thee not;
I care not for thee, *Kate*, this is no world
To play with mammets, and to tilt with lips,
We must have bloody noses, and crackt crownes,
And passe them currant too: gods me my horse.
What saist thou *Kate*, what wouldst thou have with me?

La. Doe you not love me? doe you not indeede?
Well, doe not then? for since you love me not,
I will not love my selfe. Doe you not love me?
Nay, tell me, if you speake in jest, or no?

Hot. Come, wilt thou see me ride?
And when I am a horse-backe, I will sweare,
I love thee infinitely. But harke you *Kate*,
I must not have you henceforth question me
Whither I goe: nor reason whereabout:
Whither I must, I must: and to conclude,
This evening must I leave you, gentle *Kate*,
I know you wise, but yet no farther wise,
Then *Harry Percies* wife. Constant you are,
But yet a woman, and for secrecy,
Nay Lady closer, for I will beleeve,
Thou wilt not utter what thou dost not know;
And so far will I trust thee, gentle *Kate*.

La. How, so far?

Hot. Not an inch further: but ha
Whither I go, thither shall you go
To day will I set forward; to mor
Will this content you *Kate*?

La. It must of force.

Enter Prince, and Po

Pri. Ned, prethee come out of tha
thy hand to laugh a little.

Poy. Where hast beene, *Hall*?

Prin. With three or foure Logge
foure-score Hogs-heads. I have foun
Humility. Sirra, I am sworn brother
can call them all by their Christian
Francis; they take it already upon th
I be Prince of *Wales*, yet I am the K
me flatly, I am not proud *Jacke* like
a Lad of metall, a good Boy (by the
when I am King of *England*, I sha
Lads in *East-cheap*. They call drinki
when you breathe in your watring,
play it off. To conclude, I am so good
ter of an houre, that I can drinke wi
Language during my life. I will tel
much honor, that thou wert not w
sweet *Ned*, to sweeten which nam
penniworth of Sugar, clapt even no
derskinker, one that never spake oth
8 shilling, and 6 pence, and *You a*
addition, *Anon anon sir*, *Skore a pint*
or so. But *Ned*, to drive away time t
doe thou stand in some by-roome,
Drawer, to what end he have n e
leave calling *Francis*, that his tale
Anon: step aside, and i'le shew the

Poines. Francis.

Prince Thou art perfect.

Fran. Anon, anon sir; looke down

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE *Henry IV Part 1* (STC 22287) LONDON, 1639 UNIVERSITY OF EDINBURGH (JA 37